

WHITE CAPS



1932

四庫全書

卷一百一十五

Year Book
of
Class of 1932

Vassar Brothers' Hospital
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



The Class of 1932
gratefully dedicates this book
to

SARA L. SWEET

whose kindly interest has assisted in making
this book a success



Miss Rachel F. McCrimmon
Director School of Nursing
Vassar Brothers Hospital

Class Song

Vassar. Now our course is
finished and we're leaving.
We have done our best and
hope we met with success,
Doing our best for those
who are sick and needed nursing.

Vassar. Now we offer thanks for
Vassar. We will always be
On call for Vassar when
she needs her nurses,
And be of help to you.

Jean Cameron.

Class Motto

To be worthy to serve the suffering

Class Flower

Violet

Class Colors

Purple and Gold

Class Officers

PresidentElsie Weaver
Vice-PresidentAlice McDonald
SecretaryIda Mae Gillen
TreasurerDorothy Fleming

HELEN G. AHERN

Middletown, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Oh, look what I bought today."

"One might as well be out of the world as out of fashion."

RUTH E. BIRD

"Birdie"

Millbrook, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "I ain't got none."

"Here sits she, shaping wings to fly."

WANONA E. BROWN

"Brownie"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Tony makes me so mad."

"Stiff in opinions, even in the wrong, Was everything by start and nothing long."



JEAN CAMERON

"Cammie"

Trochue, Alberta, Canada

Favorite Expression: "Shet up."

"And here I stand with all my lore—
Poor fool, no wiser than before."

RUTH E. CAULKINS

"Caulkie"

New Hackensack, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Is that my
Harry?"

"From home she lives so far away
That she must write there every day,
And when she's homesick here alone,
She has to go and telephone."

DIRKJE EYLERS

"Dot"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Goodby, have a
nice time."

"Unhand me, gentleman, lest I shall
not accomplish the task before me
set."



DOROTHY F. FLEMING

"Pee Wee"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "I don't care, it makes me mad."

"Work, work, work,
We are all slaves."

IDA MAE GILLEN

"Gil"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Let's get going."

"Love sought is good, but love
unsought is better."

EMILY E. HOSIER

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Just one more time."

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard,
I heard him complain,
'You have waked me too soon,
I must slumber again.'"



ELSIE M. LADUE

"Fan"

Pine Plains, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Gee! he's the neatest dancer."

"To question, reason and to understand, in that direction her mind is bent."

CONCHITA M. LUTZ

"Blackie"

Ancon, Canal Zone

Favorite Expression: "Is there any mail, Potsy?"

"And still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all she knew."

ALICE R. McDONALD

"Mac"

Milton, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Geepers! I had the best time."

"A merry laugh,
A little smile,
A little teasing
All the while."



MARGARET M. MILLER

Chester, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Geel! I'm so cold."

"Men, men, men!
They don't mean a thing . . ."

ANNA C. NEIDNIG

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "I think I'll go over home."

"Not bent with learning, but growing under it."

MARION L. PITCHER

"Pitch"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Geel that griped me."

"Thou art too mild,
I pray thee swear!"



SOPHIE H. PLASS

"Soph"

Barrytown, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Answer the telephone."

"She smiles on many, but she loves
but one."



MARIE McC. TYLER

"Tye"

Delhi, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Maybe Bert will
take us."

"With helpful hands and cheery
heart,
Always willing to do her part."



ELSIE M. WEAVER

"Wee Wee"

Smyrna, N. Y.

Favorite Expression: "Honestly, I
should go to church, but I'm too
tired."

"She used to be a bashful girl and
looked on men with awe . . ."



MARY E. YOUNG

Oak Point, Quebec, Canada

Favorite Expression: "I saw Clifford today."

"Work and marriage have killed many a girl, so why should I take a chance?"



Former Members

Maxine Colburn

Olive Duncan

Alice Haynes

Mae Hogan

Olive Irwin

Daisy Simmons

Jennie Schutte

Madeline Traub



.. 1933 ..



.. 1934 ..



.. 1935 ..



Prophecy of Class of 1932

We, the Class of 1932, longing to know what our classmates will be doing ten years from now, seat ourselves around the crystal gazing ball and look into the future. Each in turn we read the fortune of some classmate.

First, as we gaze intently, there appears mysteriously to one of us the figure of one whom we all knew as Helen Ahern. She still has that name, from choice it seems, rather than from lack of opportunity to change it. She is following faithfully her duties as Supervisor in the Middletown Hospital—on a male ward. Be careful, Helen may change yet.

Another sees herself vacationing in Canada and stopping off at Montreal to visit the Director of Nurses at Montreal General—this Director being no other than our classmate, Mary Young.

And now whom should we see but the former Anna Neidnig, now Mrs. Metzger for the past eight years. She has given up nursing the sick and turned her attention to home life. The family is seated at the table before one of her famous

home-cooked meals. Remember those well-garnished salads of early days, Anna?

And there is Brownie—down in Cuba. Still nagging, and if the man isn't Tony!

There is Alice McDonald! Now after ten years she is an official hostess. She greets all strangers with perfect poise and never calls the police when strangers address her with outstretched arms and "My dear young lady."

Birdie, the genius who will continue to guide destinies, probably those of infant Howells.

There is Cam—older than in the days we knew her. What mountains? Perhaps the Canadian Rockies. Who is the man with his back to us? Is it Arnold?

Well, well, if the old crystal doesn't show us Plassie! What is the trouble, Plassie? You seem fatter. The Italian food surely does agree with you.

Now there appears Gillie. Oh, yes, anyone in the advertising department of the Poughkeepsie stores will recognize her. She is the one who got the ads for our Year Book back at V. B. H. Her success with that led her to lay aside her uniform for the business world.

We see Caulkie hurrying down to the store in her Ford coupe to get Harry after work. When Ruth finished training, Harry gave up his idea of college and opened a grocery store for himself. Shortly afterward he and Ruth were married. Now they are prospering with their grocery business.

We see Em out at Millbrook living in the cutest little bungalow. Em seems to be scolding Bill because he has dropped a few cigar ashes on the floor. Bill still takes care of the horse on the estate and Emily has really become quite fond of riding horseback.

Dot Eylers comes into view. It seems she is in uniform. She has just been nursing a friend of hers at the New York Lying-in Hospital. In the distance there is a man with two children. They seems to be waiting for her. Yes, it is her husband, Clarence, and their two children.

Now, there is Dot Fleming scolding her children and worrying over their every movement, just as she did over things in V. B. H. One boy, of course, is named Thomas Jefferson.

We see Wee Wee overflowing with ambition. She has taken many steps forward and now is directing her own school of nursing.

The crystal now shows us Conchita sitting in a cottage small by a waterfall in Arizona eating strawberry short cake with her vagabond lover.

It all seems hazy, but the longer we look the plainer her dainty figure comes into view. It is Mae Miller walking down the boardwalk at Palm Beach dressed in white, but not in a uniform. She evidently gave up her profession for the man whose diamond she wears. It would seem that depression has had its day.

As we gaze into the crystal we see a transformed Pitch. The trousers have given place to a more maidenly attire. Yet, even as we gaze, we see the flaming locks that warn us to beware of a flash of temper.

We see LaDue in her own private museum exhibiting her treasures collected from every trip and excursion for many years. These souvenirs are all of inestimable value to her, but those holding the most prominent place in the collection are those valuable ones collected while at old V. B. H.

The last picture fades. Another begins to appear—very vague, can't make it out, but wait! It's Marie Tyler wearing a nurse's uniform. Now we see it all, the office, the sign on the door. What does it say? "Superintendent of Scarlet Fever Hospital" (also mumps).



Tyler's
Birthday
Party
WARD
MANOR

Headed for
H-R-S-H
Water Works
Farmers Co.
College Hill
— and —
Points West



Senior
- Picnic
- 1932 -

Do You Remember

- when the maid from Ward II went to borrow the "crisis" standard?
- when Brownie wore green slippers and carried a black bag?
- when Pitcher didn't cuss?
- when LaDue was quiet?
- when Miller got a marriage license?
- "all in, girls, time up, step on the gas?"
- when Fleming set the Operating Room on fire?
- when Haynes was scrubbed for an operation and blew her nose on a sterile towel?
- when Pee Wee didn't sputter?
- when Tye had mumps in Room 22?
- when we didn't have any late leaves for so long?
- when Haynes ate with the supervisors at Babies?
- when Miller got the wrong subway?
- Quinn?

Aunt Em's corsets?

- when Soph used to get long-distance calls from Penny?
- when Dr. Stibbs asked Tye for fleece-lined cotton?
- when the Prob went to the Lab for Fallopian tubes?
- when Pitcher reclined in the hamper in the Accident Room?
- when Pitch and Caulkie went to the opera?
- when Hosier fell with the basket of peaches and landed on the lamp shade?
- when Cammie flooded the Operating Room sterilizer and then laughed?

Caulkie with her cuffs on?

the birthday party at Ward Manor?

- when one of the 1933 nurses wanted a right-handed rubber glove?

LaDue: "Was your sister a patient here?"

Patient: "Yes, last month."

LaDue: "Was she a Caesarian?"

Patient: "No, an Italian."

Tyler: "Where is Miss Pitcher's room?"

Miss Wormley (Superintendent of Ninth Floor, Babies):

"I don't know."

Miss Tyler: "Oh, so you're new here, too."

Fleming in Charge of Accident Room

Party on Line: "Is this the Accident Room?"



The Life of a Nurse

The world grows better year by year
Because some nurse in her little sphere
Puts on her apron and grins and sings
And keeps on doing the same old things.

Taking the temperatures and giving the pills
To remedy mankind's numerous ills;
Tending the babies, answering bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels,

Longing for home, and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile;
Blessing the new-born babies' first breath,
Closing the eyes that are still in death.

Taking the blame for the doctors' mistakes,
Oh, dear, what a lot of patience it takes.
Going off duty at 7.00 o'clock,
Tired, discouraged, just ready to drop.

But called back on special at 7.15,
War in her heart, but it must not be seen;
Morning, evening, noon and night,
Just doing it over and hoping it's right.

When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
Oh, Lord, will you give us just one little star
To wear in our crown with a uniform new
To that city above where the head nurse is you.







With one of another class -
He doesn't like ours -





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